

THE
B O O K
OF
LAMENTATIONS.
BEING THE
SOLILOQUY
OF AN
OLD MAN,
FOR THE
LOSS of his HOUSE.

L O N D O N.

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THE

LAMENTATION, &c.

CHAP. I.



1. **H**OW does the City mourn
that once resounded with
Huzza's and Acclamations. How
is she become as a Widow, she that
was great among the Nations, and
Princess among the E----es, How is
she become tributary to the F---b.

2 She lamenteth in the Night;
among all her neighbours she hath
none to support her; all her Allies
have dealt treacherously with her,
they are become her Enemies!

3 The People have packed up
their Goods and retired to another
Quarter, but they have been overta-
ken

ken and crushed by the Enemy,
between the Skirts of *H---* and *L--n*.

4 The Roads leading to *H---* mourn, because none come to her grand Entertainments: All her Avenues are deserted, her Priests sigh, her Maidens are afflicted, and oblig'd to submit to Foreigners, and she is in Bitterness.

5 Her Adversaries are chief, her Enemies prosper, her Soldiers are captivated by the Enemy the *F---b*.

6 From *H---* the Beauty is departed, her *C---ts* and *B---s* are like Harts that find no Pasture, and they are fled without strength before the Pursuer.

7 The El---e of *H---* remembered, in the Days of her Affliction and Miseries, all the pleasant things that she had in the Days of old, when her Sovereigns were Emperors and when the Treasure of *E---* was spent among them.

8 But now she is in the Possession of her Enemies, none did help or assist her, her secret Enemies the *H---n M---n*, saw and laughed at the Protestant Religion.

9 The People of *B---k* in the Day of their Prosperity, did not think on hardships to come ; all who honoured her despise her, because they have seen her Nakedness when left to herself.

10 Her Misery is in her skirts, and her plagues attend upon her Sons.

11 Her Enemies the *F---b* have put their hands upon all her pleasant things. The priests of *Rome* have entered the Chapels of the Sons of *Luther*, tho' Men of such Principles were discharged from entering the Sanctuary.

12 All her Inhabitants sigh, they seek Bread, and give their pleasant Things

Things for Meat; for the Enemies tickle them out of their substance.

13 Were ever Men afflicted as we are; now the fine Crops of T—e are become the Prey of those who were wont to feed upon Lettices and Garlick.

14 Instead of the roast Beef of old E—d, now the Meagre soups prevail.

15 Instead of having the houses filled with Ambassadors from every Quarter, and paying for them whatever was demanded, now these are occupied by our Enemies.

16 The *French* Soldiers now possess the habitations of princes, and like Locusts they swarm over the Land.

17 O that it was as in Months past, when the Sovereign of E—d dwelt among us, and drew Plenipotentiaries from all the Courts of *Europe*.

18 Then did the D—e of *N—w*
c—le dwell in the house of Baron
B—r, and thought nothing of ha-
 ving sixty Covers at his Table.

19 Then did the Lord *H—n* ne-
 gotiate with Mr. *Buffy*, and vied
 with each other in giving Entertain-
 ments.

20 The Enemy have trodden our
 mighty men in the midst of us, and
 obliged our mighty Champion once
 more to fly before them.

21 The Enemy know that I sigh,
 that there is none to comfort me,
 mine Enemies have heard of my
 Disaster and are glad.

22 Yet I hope the time will come
 when they shall drink of the bitter
 Potion, and when their own Land
 shall be overrun : Let the Earth and
 Air hear my Complaints.

C H A P. II.

1. **H**OW is *H--r--n* covered with a Cloud, and her Enemies swarm in her Gardens.

2. Her Avenues are full of Soldiers, and her handsome Apartments are promiscuously appointed.

3. Her Orchards pour out Fruit for her Invaders.

4. The Enemy now are come to reap her T--ps, and possess what her Summers yielded: The Sheep and Oxen will now be slaughtered by them, their Flesh will be broil'd out of its Substance, and the whole be turn'd Soups and Ragoux.

5. Let not the 26th of *July* be named among the Days of the Year. Let the Day of the Battle of *H--ten-k* be eras'd out of the Calender, even the Night in which it was said, Our
Army

Army is fled, and we are left defenceless.

6. The Beauty of *H...*, the Count *S-gb* and Colonel *D-ga* are slain in the high Places.

7. Tell it not at *Rome*, publish it not in the Streets of *Constantinople*, lest the Sons of the *Narican* rejoice, and the Daughters of *Mahomet* triumph.

8. Ye Mountains of *L-st n*, Let your tall and stately Trees be fell'd down, let their very Roots be pulled up, let neither Rain or Dew fall upon you; for there the Cannon was abandoned, and there the Firelocks were thrown away, even the Firelocks of the *H...ns*, as if they had never tasted of old *E...b* Hospitality; and fed for a Season upon good *E...b* roast Beef.

Part 2. will speedily be published.